

Children's Newspaper

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FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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FOUR ROVER SCOUTS ON ADVENTURE BENT

A Long, Long Trail From Down Under

ROVER Scouts engaged on a grand adventure are the four who are staying in the ship *Discovery*, after working their passages here from Australia. They are three Australian Rovers and one New Zealander, and they are working hard in London to get enough money to go to the Fourth World Rover Moot which is being held in Norway next August.

The *Discovery* is a fitting temporary home for them; Captain Scott delighted in lads with the adventurous spirit and Rovering enthusiasm they display. Recently, on board the *Discovery*, these young globe-trotters told a CN representative of their experiences.

The three Australians are working at Scouts HQ in



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John Hanna and Alex M'Clean

London, but the New Zealander, John Hanna, sallies forth every day to work in a large milk-bottling depot in London.

It all started when John Hanna, a Lone Rover Scout aged 21, left his sheep station in New Zealand and went to the Scouts' Pan-Pacific Jamboree in Australia last December. There he made friends with three young Australian Rovers, Alex M'Clean, 19, Ian Gibson, 18, and Ian Colquhoun, 20, and all four got the ambitious idea of going to the World Rover Moot in Norway August next. They were told they would have to work their passage there and keep themselves meanwhile.

John Hanna, far from home, was "broke" when the Jamboree ended. But lack of money is a trifle to a young man of his determination. He got a job to keep him while he was going round the shipping offices in Sydney, looking for work on board a ship going to England; for the Rovers planned to work in Britain and save enough money to take them to Norway.

John was offered a passage as mess-boy in a Swedish ship going to Göteborg, and his pal Alex, M'Clean joined the same ship as a galley-boy—"jolly hard work but I loved it," said Alex.

They were looking for adventure and they soon got it; the

cargo of wool caught fire and John and Alex had four grimy and thrilling hours helping the crew to put it out.

The voyage to Sweden via the Cape lasted three months, and the two saw something of Belgium and Germany. When they arrived at Göteborg they decided they might as well see something of Sweden as well, so they hitch-hiked to Stockholm and back, "sleeping in old barns and all sorts of odd places," and using the very few words of Swedish they knew to help them along. Then they took ship to England.

Their two friends, Colquhoun and Gibson, worked their passage to England as stewards in the Dominion Monarch, and all four came together again on board the *Discovery*.

Now they are hard at it saving money to get to the World Moot, for which they must sail in July. In their determination to save money these young fellows are leading austere lives; they have nothing to spare for amusements or small luxuries, but seeing the wonders of London is free. When the Moot ends John Hanna intends to see more of Europe, travelling on foot and working on farms, and he would like to attend the next World Jamboree which is being held in two years' time in a country which has not yet been decided on.

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Raiwalla's Work Goes On

A GREAT ABORIGINE

A WHITE patrol has been into one of the most barren and inhospitable regions in Australia's Northern Territory on a peculiar mission.

The patrol was commissioned to discover who was responsible for the death of Raiwalla, famous Aborigine warrior, whose "murder" had been reported. But Raiwalla was found to be very much alive; he had been attacked, but had managed to avoid flying spears, although one of them went through his hair!

All who are interested in the Aborigines will rejoice in the survival of Raiwalla, for he is playing an important part in their life. Indeed, Dr Donald Thomson, a noted anthropologist, and an authority on the Arnhem Land tribes, has described him as the greatest Aborigine of all time.

Guide and Warrior

For years, while Dr Thomson was tramping through the wild land on special work for the Australian Government, Raiwalla was his assistant and adviser. He also served in the Australian Imperial Forces, attached to a special reconnaissance unit.

Accepted as a foremost warrior, Raiwalla now uses his knowledge and authority in watching over the interests of members of his tribe, the Midjingi.

One piece of constructive and original work owes its promotion to Raiwalla. At the tribal grounds inland from the Millingumbi Mission, gardens have been planned and cultivated; and it is claimed that these are the only instances of voluntary agricultural effort by northern tribes in the Arnhem. The development of this venture will be watched with great interest.

HANDS UP FOR HEALTH



Girls of Bexley County Technical School, Kent, who will be representing Britain in the Lingiad in Stockholm next month, practise in the school playing field.

Shall We Have Skyscrapers?

THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST

THE proposed building at a cost of £1,000,000 of a 35-storey skyscraper, with room for 1000 offices, has been the subject of a public inquiry in Manchester.

The planned erection of the building, in Quay Street, has been opposed by Manchester Corporation on the grounds that it interferes with the building of a civic centre, but a Town and Country Planning Inquiry has been held to decide whether permission shall be given for building the skyscraper.

If permission is given Mr Joseph Sunlight, the architect, will complete a project which he began seventeen years ago when he built a big office block which now stands in Quay Street.

Mr Sunlight is a champion of the idea of building high. This is gaining increasing favour among some architects in Britain who contend that building upwards will not only save space in crowded cities but will give office workers a healthier atmosphere above the dust and noise of the streets.

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Vertical Travel

One school of thought argues that the skyscraper offers considerable advantages through centralising business. When firms from all over the world who are concerned with the same line of commerce have their offices in one building, ease of communication saves time and money. Above all, ground rents in most big cities are so high that unless business buildings are constructed to provide a large amount of floor space over a comparatively small site they do not pay.

Architects in certain parts of the United States have long been in favour of this type of building. Already the vertical travel in New York actually exceeds the horizontal. In other words, more people travel daily in elevators, or lifts, than in all the trains, buses, and taxis put together!

The case against the building of skyscrapers is that they shut out a considerable amount of light from neighbouring buildings; where several of these tall structures are crowded together, the streets are converted into vast man-made canyons into which the sun penetrates for less than an hour a day. In many cases the workers on ground floors in New York live in artificial light all day long.

The tallest skyscraper in the world is the Empire State Building, New York. This was completed in 1931, is 1250 feet high, has 102 storeys, and can accommodate 80,000 people. No fewer than 62 elevators are required to carry people to and from the various floors.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS



This smallholder at Hopton, near Stafford, finds that a daily tune on his clarinet increases the yield of milk

FOUR ROVER SCOUTS

Continued from column 2

The other three, after the Moot, hope to work their passage back to Australia across the Atlantic and Pacific, so that they can say they once worked their way round the world.

All are making it a point of honour not to write home to their parents for funds.

The three Australians hope to be home for Christmas, for they have their careers to think of. One is a clerk, the other two are apprentices. John Hanna is a farmer.

Surely these must be among the keenest and most adventurous Rovers in the history of the Movement.

Waging the War to Save Life

IN Rome this month the second World Health Assembly is discussing problems in the fight against ill-health which apart from war is mankind's biggest enemy.

It is not an easy task that is facing the doctors and health officials from 62 nations, all members of the World Health Organisation, for the need for help is greatest where medical resources—doctors, hospitals, and drugs—are the smallest.

We in this country enjoy a very extensive system of health protection which it has taken many decades to build up. But in most countries of the world, especially in the remoter parts—in Latin America, Africa, and Asia—doctors, hospitals, and chemists are few and far between. In Britain a doctor can order practically anything he wishes for his patient, from the wonder drug penicillin to a series of X-ray photos. There are no such facilities in the Balkans, or the Gold Coast, or India, or in scores of other places all over the world.

The task of WHO is thus clear. It is to help the "underdeveloped" parts of the world to get the best medical advice the more advanced countries can offer. And more than that. The idea of WHO is to help in preventing disease rather than in curing it. A vast work in this connection is being planned for 1950, with increased services to various Governments.

Child Welfare

One of the most important parts of this work will cover the health of children, especially in the war-devastated countries.

At the moment, no fewer than six international health programmes devoted to child welfare under way in Europe and Asia are jointly sponsored by the UN International Children's Emergency Fund (UNICEF) and the World Health Organisation.

The most spectacular of these—mass vaccination against tuberculosis—was initiated by the Danish Red Cross and its Scandinavian associates, and was later joined by UNICEF and WHO. In Europe alone eight million children have been tested for TB and three million actually treated with special vaccines. So successful has been this work that it is expected that before the end of 1949 campaigns against children's tuberculosis in Czechoslovakia, Finland, Hungary and Poland will be concluded.

New Campaigns

Meanwhile, others are beginning in Austria, Morocco, Lebanon, and India. The Governments of Ecuador, Bolivia, Israel, and Iran have applied for extension of this scheme to their territories.

The desire to prevent diseases sometimes leads WHO into strange fields. A large number of diseases which can be prevented are spread by insects—fleas, ticks, mosquitoes, flies, and so on. Hence UNICEF and WHO are planning important insect control campaigns in several countries in an effort to destroy carriers of diseases such as malaria, typhoid, and dysentery. Children of countries affected by these diseases will be trained to give their help.

Another important part of the WHO programme for the benefit of children is the training of

nurses to carry out mother and child care projects. For these, numerous fellowships have been awarded to key officials, doctors, and nurses holding important positions in national services. The four main training programmes are being offered in Britain, France, Switzerland, and Sweden.

The partnership of UNICEF and WHO is like that of two good friends. UNICEF provides the supplies and services, cars, drivers, instruments, and so on, while WHO puts into the common pool the knowledge of its doctors, nurses, and other medical specialists. At a recent meeting of their Executive Boards plans have been worked out how further useful and fruitful collaboration can be developed for the benefit of children everywhere.

ISLAND OF GEMS

CEYLON has a greater and more varied abundance of precious stones than any other country in the world except, possibly, Brazil. An interesting account of them, and how the Ceylonese mine them, is in the current Bulletin of the Imperial Institute.

The gem-bearing area of Ceylon is mainly centred round Ratnapura, which means City of Gems. From this region come the ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyl, aquamarine, topaz, zircon, tourmaline, spinel, garnet, moonstone, amethyst, and others to sparkle in wondrous colours from many a brooch, ring, and necklace.

These lovely stones are not found, however, by someone merely walking about looking for them. Nearly all are extracted from old alluvial deposits of rivers that long ago washed them out of the rocks. The gemminers sink pits and haul up the gem-bearing gravel in baskets, afterwards washing it to obtain the precious stones. These gems are cut by Ceylonese lapidary artists using a primitive machine.

The Bulletin tells of Ceylon's other mineral resources. Graphite is the most important. Mica is found there. In some places on the seashore occur "black sands" due to the presence of ilmenite. Salt is produced by the evaporation of sea-water. In recent years iron ore deposits have been proved, and the use of these in former times is revealed by the discovery of old slag heaps.

Kitchen Kaffir Courses

"Do you speak Kitchen Kaffir?" "No, I'm concentrating on learning Chishona and Chinjanja." Conversations on these lines might be heard among the increasing number of enthusiasts at the Polytechnic, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

These three native languages are proving popular with the adult sparetime pupils, and teaching in them is to be extended. Kitchen Kaffir is an African lingua franca, a sort of "pidgin" language made up of Zulu, Dutch, English, and other words—a thoroughly mongrel tongue spoken by many natives from the Cape to the Zambesi.

IRISH QUESTION CHANGES IN THE CONSTITUTION

THREE simple facts, taken one by one, will help us to understand recent debates in Parliament about—to use a neutral term—the Emerald Isle.

First, the 26 counties in the south (population three millions; capital, Dublin) have left the Commonwealth after centuries under British monarchs. Second, the other six counties (population 1,400,000; capital, Belfast) remain in the United Kingdom under the King. Third, the King has declared through his Ministers that he will "not regard" citizens of the 26 counties as foreigners.

But, together, these three apparently simple statements present lawyers with a thorny problem with an important bearing on Commonwealth future relations.

Recent Developments

Let us take a peep at recent history and see what has happened.

Before 1921 the Emerald Isle was known as Ireland, all 20,350,000 acres of it. The Easter Rebellion of 1916 was really a fight to declare an Irish republic free from British rule. It failed. Civil war followed, and in 1921 an Anglo-Irish treaty recognised the 26 counties as the Irish Free State, and they were so enshrined in Irish legislation of 1922.

Still the struggle went on, though in undertones. Two Acts passed by the Irish Parliament in 1936 were steps towards the present situation.

The Constitution (Amendment No 27) Act left the Irish Free State neither a monarchy nor, except by implication, a republic; and the Executive Authority (External Relations) Act said the King "may" act for the Irish Free State in the appointment of diplomats and the conclusion of international agreements as the State's rulers advised.

In 1938 the 1921 treaty was amended: certain Irish ports hitherto held necessary to British defence were returned and the Irish Free State was "styled and known" as Eire.

Ulster Unchanged

Through all these changes Northern Ireland—otherwise known as Ulster or the Six (Parliamentary) Counties of Antrim, Armagh, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, and Tyrone—remained part of the United Kingdom under the King, as the bulk of her citizens wished.

Last year Eire took the last steps to break with the Commonwealth: she repealed the 1936 External Relations Act by passing the Republic of Ireland Act, which took effect last Easter Monday.

Such changes in the British Constitution must be put into corresponding legal forms at Westminster, too, and so our Government passed the Ireland Bill recognising the secession of the new republic. This Act declares that in no event shall Northern Ireland or any part of it "cease to be part of His Majesty's Dominions and of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland," and includes a clause defining the position of people born "in the part of Ireland which now forms the Republic of Ireland" in respect to British nationality.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

CARS TWO-A-PENNY

A car dealer in America has offered second-hand cars for a £d each to customers who buy a new car at the normal price.

Six chieftains from Nigeria will watch the Royal Agricultural Show soon to be held at Shrewsbury.

New Zealand is to import 400 taxi-cabs from Britain.

The British multi-seat glider distance record has been broken by Mr K. Hirst, of Blackpool; he flew 141 miles.

Handy for Frying

A hen in Ohio, U.S., has been laying flat eggs; sometimes she lays an ordinary one.

The pilot's automatic ejector seat, a safety device for airmen in the event of emergency, functioned in an accident recently for the first time when a Flying Wing crashed.

The 400 villagers of Loddiswell, Devonshire, have saved £63,000 since 1940.

Britain will soon be receiving sugar from South Africa again, the first since 1942.

UNSETTLED

Just as the Stuttgart weather station was about to issue a storm warning, lightning struck its telephone exchange and put it out of action.



The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, presents the Silver Wolf to Mr Claude Fallas, retiring District Commissioner of Hyde, Cheshire, for his 34 years' service.

The traditional roundup of wild ponies on the Duke of Croy's estate, Germany, has been revived. It is the only herd of wild horses in Western Europe outside the British Isles.

A uranium field has been discovered in Central Australia.

The Canadian Government have purchased from a Yorkshire mill its entire stock of 580,000 yards of cotton corduroy; and £19,000 worth of waterproof trousers from a Cheshire firm.

Blenheim Baton

Walnut from an old tree near the battlefield of Blenheim was used to make a replica of the baton carried by the Duke of Marlborough which was recently presented to Mr Churchill. The walnut wood was given by the Burgomaster and people of Blindheim—formerly Blenheim—in Bavaria.

The number of tourists visiting Britain during the first four months of this year was 85,593—over 10,000 more than in the same period last year.

Twelve mining students from this country are to visit mines in the Gold Coast in July.

In Cyrenaica, the north-eastern province of Libya, the British Government have recognised the Emir Idris of Senussi as the freely-chosen leader of his people and as head of the Cyrenaican Government. British administration is to continue, but a Cyrenaican Government with responsibility over internal affairs will be formed.

A bumper wheat harvest is expected in Australia again this year. It is hoped that it will exceed 190 million bushels, for the third time in the past three years.

Cwmbran, Monmouthshire, is to be rebuilt on a new site and developed into a town of 30,000 people. The present population is 12,000.

The condition of the Implacable is now so bad that it is beyond repair.

FRIENDS AGAIN

An Italian battleship, the 23,000-ton Caio Duilio, paid a friendly visit to Malta not long ago, nearly six years after surrendered Italians warships were brought to the island.

It has been estimated that London needs 200,000 more flats and houses to end the shortage.

The winner of a Californian frog-jumping championship—called "One-fifteen," because that was the time of day it was caught—jumped 13 feet 6 inches.

The New Zealand cricketers will visit the British Army in Germany at the end of the season.

A golden oriole was found dead after a thunderstorm at Bolton, Lancashire, not long ago. The golden oriole, which has beautiful yellow plumage, is sometimes seen in the south of England, but seldom in the north.

Invader

A cat in Tydd St Giles, Cambridgeshire, has driven hawks from their nest 20 feet up a tree and has taken it over for her three kittens.

Disraeli's home from 1848 until he died in 1881, Hughenden Manor, Buckinghamshire, has been reopened as a museum, and the deeds of the manor and park have been handed to the National Trust.

Two sailing ships, the Pamir and the Passat, are racing to Falmouth from Australia with cargoes of wheat.

In the Spanish zone of Morocco there were three weeks of princely festivities, including free meals to the poor, tribal dances, and free cinema shows for Moorish children, to celebrate the recent marriage of the Khalifa of the zone, Mulai Hassan.

The recent annual Methodist festival at Cliff College, Calver, near Matlock, was attended by 10,000 people.

REWARD

Sir Charles Gilbert Scott, architect of Liverpool Cathedral since he was 21, has been awarded the gold Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts for 1949 as "builder of a lasting heritage for Britain."

The National Home Safety Committee is concerned at the number of young children who have been killed or injured recently through falling from unguarded windows and balconies. The Committee would welcome suggestions for solving this problem, which should be sent to RSPA, 52 Grosvenor Gardens, London, SW 1.

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HULLO, QUADS!



On the left are the Mdiwandle quads, of Johannesburg, who will be one year old next month. Their Zulu names are Thamasaga, Sipiwe, Sibonile, and Sibonakele, but they are better known in the Bridgman Memorial Hospital as Tiny, Daphne, Beauty, and Boy. Above are Frances, Jennifer, Elizabeth, and Bridget, the Good quads of Westerleigh, Gloucestershire. They celebrated their first birthday last Sunday, and have been with their parents to a holiday camp in North Wales.



Grieg and the Rest

If asked to name three Norwegian composers, most people who are not students of music would fail. We could all name Grieg, and a few pianists among us might recall Sinding; but for the third we should be at a loss.

However, a neatly-produced little book which has come our way, should do much to dispel this ignorance. Issued by the Bond Publishing Company at 5s. it is called Norwegian Music and Composers, the author being Børre Qvamme, producer of musical programmes in the Norwegian Broadcasting Service.

It is a most comprehensive attractively-written survey of Norwegian music, predominantly vocal, traced from the early folk ballads and tunes which inspired the 19th-century national revival of the art, down to the time of the great Edward Grieg, and thence to the moderns. And it should have a niche in the library of every music-lover.

BOYS ONLY

What is believed to be England's first barber's shop for boys only has been opened in a century-old Newcastle store.

It has the usual features of an ordinary hairdressing saloon, plus a liberal supply of books, magazines, and papers for boys of all ages, and toys for the very young. A five-foot tank of tropical fish is an added attraction, and on the walls is a frieze of circus scenes.

Three hairdressers, all of them fathers, are there to do the needful cropping of the young heads.

Completing a Jig-Saw Puzzle

SKILLED workmen are now engaged in the delicate task of putting together the unique carved oak screen, once described as the finest carved screen in Christendom, which was shattered in an air raid which did heavy damage to the Middle Temple Hall, London, in 1940.

After the raid it was feared that the screen could never be restored, but the pieces, some no bigger than a match-stick, were carefully collected in sacks and stored till the end of the war. Luckily there was in existence an excellent scale drawing of the screen, and now that the work of restoration is well advanced it can be seen that only a few parts were completely destroyed, and wood-carvers have supplied new sections to take their place.



Golden Hind on View

CHILDREN visiting Southend during the holiday season will be able to imagine themselves back in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. For local workmen have built a full size replica of Sir Francis Drake's flagship, the Golden Hind; it is to be found in the boating pool adjoining the pier.

In order that all details should be as exact as possible, the designer, Mr W. H. South, studied the history of this famous ship. Local fishermen have been responsible for the rigging.

The hull is made chiefly of metal and will not actually float although it will appear to do so. It will be painted in the gay colours of those far-off days, and its eighteen cannon will be manned by wax figures. In the tiny cabin, furnished in Elizabethan style, the queen in wax will be seen knighting Sir Francis at the completion of his voyage round the world.

PAKISTAN'S K PATROLS

Boy Scouts in Pakistan have recently formed a Pakistan Pan-Pacific Troop which has been sub-divided into Patrols named Kangaroos, Koalas, and Kookaburras. All these creatures are of course natives of Australia, and the idea to form such a troop in Pakistan came from Karachi Scouts who had attended the Pan-Pacific Jamboree in Victoria, Australia, last December.

The Victoria Scouts, in recognition of the honour done them, have told the Pakistan Scouts that they intend to present the troop with a flag.

TALL PEOPLE

A MEMBER of the tallest people in the world, the Batutsi, was recently seen in Brussels on a special state-visit. He was Charles Matura Ruhahigwa, Mwami of Ruanda, in the Belgian Congo.

The average height of the Batutsi is seven feet. Ruhahigwa himself is seven feet three, and one of his courtiers is eight feet two.

ALOFT DOWN UNDER

AUSTRALIANS are the greatest air travellers in the world. Although the total population of that vast country is less than eight millions, one person in six makes at least one flight a year. Last year Australia's 19 airline companies carried a record number of over 1,366,000 passengers and nearly 32 million tons of freight.

Planes fly regularly to small country centres. An example of this is Tooraweenah in New South Wales, which has a population of only 550 and yet has its own airport from which 14,000 arrived and departed last year.

Tough Fish

THE other day the aquarium at Taronga Park Zoo at Sydney received a fish with practically no body. It was alive, and after a few days of careful attention and feeding, it appeared to be thriving.

This wonder fish is a leather-jacket (so called because of the thick skin). It was caught in Australian waters by a member of the crew of the tug Eros.

The zoo experts' theory is that this remarkable creature had had most of its body severed from its head when it was young, and that it survived because its swim bladder remained intact.

WATTON OAK!

A VETERAN oak has been felled in the countryside near the Norfolk town of Watton. When it was loaded at Watton Station for the use of British Railways, it was stated to be the largest tree ever handled at any station in the Eastern Counties. A special steam breakdown crane had to be brought to lift it onto a bogie wagon.

Estimated to weigh nearly 15 tons, this centuries-old tree had a diameter at the base of five and a half feet. The trunk was 38 feet long and contained about 400 cubic feet of wood.

The Eleventh President

THE United States will this week honour the memory of the eleventh President, James Knox Polk, who died on June 15 just a century ago. Of a Scottish-Irish family originally named Pollock, he was born in North Carolina, grew up in Tennessee, rounded off his university career by distinguishing himself at the Bar, and was elected President in 1844, after having been for eight years Speaker of the House of Representatives.

During Polk's term of office the United States added Texas, California, and New Mexico to her territories. It was also while he was at the helm that the dangerous dispute between the United States and ourselves over the Oregon boundary was settled by friendly arbitration.

The copious diary which Polk kept throughout his presidency revealed that instead of being driven and led, as popular opinion declared, he had shrewdly led and directed the very men by whom he was supposed to have been moulded and manipulated.

Exploring Northern British Columbia

AN expedition left Britain recently to explore a little-known region in the north of British Columbia during this summer. The expedition is being made by a small party led by Captain C. H. Pelham-Burn.

In British Columbia they will start from Fort St James on Stuart Lake and then fly north about 300 miles to a lake between the Sifton Pass and the headwaters of the Skikine River.

There they will establish a base camp from which to study this wild region of high mountains. They will make maps, collect plants, and gain information about the geology, animal life, and weather conditions in the Cassiar or Skikine mountains.

ARTHRITIS CURE?

RECENT experiments made at the world-famous Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, suggest that a cure has been found for rheumatoid arthritis. So far the new treatment has enabled 14 men and women patients who were completely crippled by rheumatism to throw aside their crutches and wheeled chairs.

The discoverers, however, give a warning that the treatment has not yet been tried on a wide enough scale to warrant undue optimism, and that further research is still required.

"Compound E" is the name given to the hormone used in the new treatment. It is made from an extract from an internal gland of a human being, and research is now being concentrated on the production of a synthetic "Compound E."

Such importance is attached to this discovery that 18 specialists in rheumatic diseases from all over the world are to visit the Mayo Clinic to study the cure.

LOG DRIVE

THE past two months have been very busy ones on many Canadian rivers. For it is the time when the spring thaw enables the logs cut in the winter to float to their destination.

During the winter the trees have been cut in the forests, hauled over the snow to the river banks, and there piled in huge stacks. With the coming of the thaw and the increased speed of the river the logs are floated, experts travelling on the river banks dealing with stranded logs. Millions of logs each year go in this way to lumber mills and paper factories.

Weather by Radar

AS CN readers will remember, Marion Island, in the Indian Ocean, was taken over by South Africa just over eighteen months ago. Today a meteorological station is established there.

Scientists are now working on the idea of an automatic weather station based on radar, and if the experiments are successful one such station will be erected at Marion, and will automatically send out messages on wind velocity, temperature, and wind direction. The new equipment is worked by dry batteries, and if any of the four valves fail, others will be automatically brought into use.

NEW RECORDS FOR THE BIRD MAN

Dr Ludwig Koch Adds Yet More Voices to His Choir

Last year the C N told of the life-work of Dr Ludwig Koch, the recorder of the voices of birds and animals. Since then the B B C have acquired his entire collection of recordings; but the good work still goes on, and here a special correspondent tells more about his fascinating excursions—chiefly made at night when most of us are snug in bed—to add yet further voices to his wonderful store.

Birds were in full-throated song in May, writes our correspondent, but when I saw Dr Koch the other day, he told me how disappointing the 1949 season has been for him.

"Winds and cold weather have made any successful recording impossible," he said. "Even on the Continent, where I have tried to record birds, toads, and frogs, it was impossible to do anything. Nature works independently, so you see the tremendous difficulties of such work as mine. I am still trying, however, to get fresh records this season, but for many birds the song period is over."

"Hundreds of letters come to us at the B B C, asking us to record the nightingales. These birds are very much on the increase in this country—one has even been heard singing in Western Avenue, Ealing, above the din of the traffic. Records of these beautiful birds have, of course, been made. But there are other birds, not so common, which I have attempted to record, so far in vain. For four years in succession the stone curlew has eluded me."

Dr Koch's most successful recording expedition last year was for Arctic birds in the Shetland Islands. There, climbing among the isolated rocky islets, he secured recordings of the call-notes of 15 birds. They include such rare stragglers as the Arctic skua and Great skua; the Red-throated diver, which hides in almost inaccessible, crater-like territory; and the Whimbrel, whose unique display-song

very few people have ever heard. Records were also made of the Shag and Cormorant, which entailed perilous climbing, and to secure the notes of the Fulmar petrel Dr Koch had to get the microphone near the nest, 60 feet high, and then wait for 18 hours—for no sooner was the microphone in a suitable position than the birds flew off!

But you will have gathered by now that Dr Koch possesses great patience, and the Fulmar petrel ultimately rewarded him with its cooing notes.

For most of these recording expeditions Dr Koch made a floating studio of a motorboat, but for one bird eight young men had to carry the recording gear for six miles, to and fro!

"Recording on land in this



Meet the microphone!

country," said Dr Koch, "is a very difficult business, apart from weather conditions. Enemy Number One is the aeroplane, circling everywhere. And the tractors... However," he added, with the bright smile of the optimist, "next season I hope, when conditions are better, to record many more of our common birds, such as the linnet, coal-tit and long-tailed tit, and others."

When I asked him which was our most musical bird, he replied: "The Blackbird! For real beauty of song it beats almost any other British bird." Dr Koch has made hundreds of different recordings of the voice of this feathered prima donna.

Most of us find it difficult to get up in time to hear the wonderful dawn-chorus of the birds. Ludwig Koch and the B B C have solved the problem for us by bringing it into our homes for our hearing in the more wakeful hours.

Fishing With the Cormorant's Help

THE cormorants that used to attract London bird-lovers to St James's Park were dispersed during the war, but four more have now been secured, and a new colony is expected to result.

The rocky coasts of Britain are among the natural homes of these widely-distributed seabirds, but for centuries cormorants have lived on inland waters in China and Japan, trained to fish, not for themselves, but for their owners.

A metal ring, or a strap, fixed round the base of the long neck prevents the birds from swallowing the fish they catch. The cormorant has, therefore, to return to its master to have its throat cleared of the fish; then, after having received a fragment of fish itself, it was free to dive afresh into the water and bring out more fish by the same means.

Fishing with cormorants spread from the Far East to England in the reign of James the First, who had at Westminster nine ponds stocked with carp, tench, barbel, roach, and dace, with brick buildings to house the birds that his Master of the Cormorants had to train for the royal angler's pleasure.

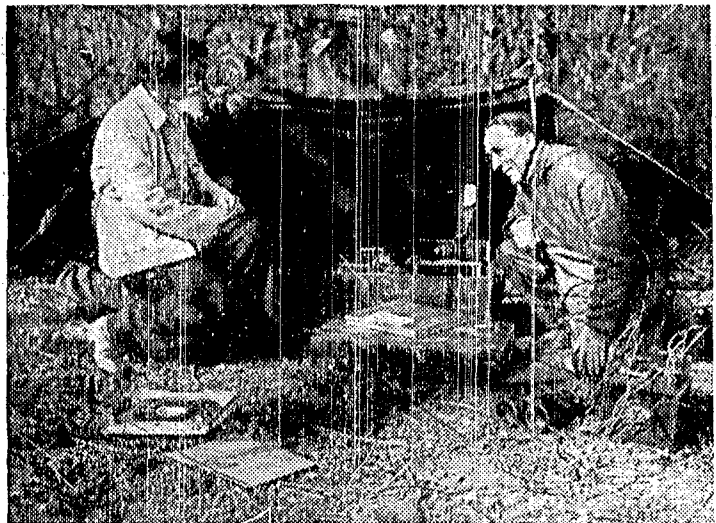
Taken out on boats or barges, the cormorants dived in at the word of command, caught their fish and landed, each bird going to its own appointed place on a long perch or gangway. There, and nowhere else, it surrendered its catch before plunging into the water for a renewal of fresh-caught spoil.

There is talk of renewing cormorant-fishing in England, but not in St James's Park.



Above: Dr Koch passes up the microphone to an assistant, who places it in a tree in readiness for recording the dawn chorus of the birds in a wood.

Below: Playing over the new records.



C N ZOO CORRESPONDENT TELLS US ABOUT . . .

Pug, Tug, Snug, and Other Animal Babies

AN early-morning visit to the London Zoo can be quite an adventure just now, for many animals on these fine summer mornings are taken out for exercise, and one never knows what one will meet. It may be anything from an elephant to a chimpanzee!

There are, too, several interesting Zoo babies to be seen, not the least important being Dumbo, the six-month-old elephant brought over recently by air from Calcutta. Since her arrival Dumbo has been kept in the sanatorium, which of course is not open to the public. But now on warm mornings the keepers take her for a stroll in the grounds, and there is no doubt of her popularity.

Every young visitor within range runs up to pet this incredibly small elephant, on whom many of them will later on be allowed to have rides—although that is unlikely to be for a year or two yet, since Dumbo has first to learn manners. Like all young animals, she is inclined to be skittish at present, and when in these playful moods is quite difficult to control.

Hungry Dumbo

Although the youngest elephant the Zoo has ever had, Dumbo is doing remarkably well and is rapidly putting on weight—not surprisingly, perhaps, for she is a hearty eater, and in addition to her solid food she has two gallons of milk for breakfast!

As a rule, visitors are not encouraged to handle Zoo babies too freely, owing to their untrustworthiness. But Dumbo is an exception and so is Sue, one of the three baby llamas now being exercised daily on the pathways. In Sue's case contacts with visitors are encouraged, the

reason being that the authorities have earmarked this young llama for future "riding duty," and want her to become used to people at as early an age as possible. So Sue's "human contacts" will continue all the summer, and next year she will be old enough to be introduced to the shafts, though she will not actually be asked to draw a trapful of visitors until she is about two.

The Three Bears

Other babies now being taken out daily, but which for very good reasons visitors are not permitted to touch, are the brown bear triplets, Pug, Tug, and Snug, offspring of Minnie and Pickles of the Mappin Terraces. These triplets, indeed, are such a handful that the keepers are considering leaving one behind. She is Snug, the female of the trio.

So intolerant of her "lead" is Snug that she is always trying to wrench it from the keeper's grasp, and the other day she succeeded. Breaking loose, she galloped away up the path as fast as her stumpy little legs would carry her.

Chased hotly by keepers, the cub turned into the nearest doorway available—that of the ostrich house—and began running down one of the corridors. Luckily, she was met by a keeper who, hurling himself on to Snug's trailing lead, managed to secure the cub before she could scare the birds.

"Minnie has had many babies over the last few years, but Snug is the worst of the lot," Head-keeper Bruce Smith told me. "She is so bad-tempered and sly, and so quarrelsome with her two brothers, that I doubt if we shall be able to allow her many more outings." C. H.

BRITISH LIVESTOCK IS STILL BEST

A STRANGER to the many agricultural shows now in progress is always astonished at the great number and variety of the breeds of domestic animals exhibited. Yet this variety makes us the envy of the world.

Out on the vast plains of Russia and North America the cattle all tend to revert, in the course of a few generations, to the inferior examples descended from the first breeds domesticated there. Even in the Argentine, which has fabulous wealth in cattle all descended from British stock, the cattle-owners have been in the habit of renewing the blood of their herds by buying yearly as many as 200 of our best show bulls, paying as much as £8000 apiece.

Without constant renewals from Britain for their herds and flocks America, Australia, and Russia could not keep their livestock up to our standard. Ours is the pattern that they all desire to copy and equal, and for a time they can produce superb animals, good as the best of ours. But the seeds of slow degeneration are there; the prevailing tendency of their livestock is to run back to poorer types.

Britain is but a speck compared with some of the cattle-raising lands, but we have managed to

preserve through the centuries many unvarying breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. The marvel is that whereas in Russia, for example, cattle grazing a thousand miles apart all tend to grow alike and to deteriorate, we have had two distinct breeds of cattle or sheep bred in adjoining counties, or even in the same county, remaining true to type.

Tiny as it is, Britain has every type of soil and circumstance, so that we have been able to perfect breeds for the mountain or the marsh, for the valley or the hillside, for dry grazing or moist. Thus have we been enabled to supply the stock-breeders of all countries with the type of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs that they require, and so to make Britain the world's animal nursery.

THIS LITTLE PIG

SOME weeks ago the Revd J. G. Byrnell, Rector of Slaidburn, in the Yorkshire Dales, bought a small pig and took it home to his garden croft to fatten it. Now the pig, Belinda by name, has grown so attached to the vicar that whenever possible she breaks out of the croft at sight of him and, steadfastly refusing to be sent back home, follows him about the village like a dog—or Mary's Little Lamb!

The Children's Newspaper, June 18, 1947

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—In this special interview Alan Ivimey talks with a . . .

PERSONNEL MANAGER

In the past 30 years, as factories have grown bigger and bigger until, during the last war, some were like towns, a new kind of job has grown up—the job of Personnel Manager.

Industry is now such a complicated affair, with so many laws and regulations governing it, that only by having a specially-appointed person to look after human relationships can smooth working be achieved.

In some of our factories the holder of this job is called a Labour Officer, or some similar title, but the job remains the same—to look after the well-being of workers, to keep records about them so that the management can know if this or that policy is a good one, and generally to pour the oil of reason and sympathy on the troubled waters of all kinds of industrial problems.

In my search for someone who was doing this fine work I found Miss Phyllis Cotton.

My journey took me to a great factory on the outskirts of Birmingham. It was an astonishing place. Once inside you could soon lose yourself among its miles of roadways. Railway lines with puffing locos wound in and out among the buildings. There were huge workshops, big enough to hold a football pitch. There were acres of machinery rattling and clattering away, and in one steel-girdered hall I was chased by a giant travelling crane with a giant's mouthful of big copper sheets.

And there were the canteens, in one of which 2000 people could dance—and often did; there were sports grounds and offices and long corridors. From the room I was shown into, on arrival, to the office of the Labour Officer, as they call her here, was quite a car ride. And so I met Phyllis Cotton.

She is short and dark, with hair parted in the middle, and she has a nice, easy way with people.

Her job is to look after 1200 women and girls of all ages between 15 and 65 for, like many factories in these days of labour shortage, this one is a big

employer of women. This sometimes means that whole families are found working in the same organisation—father, mother, and children, together with aunts and uncles and cousins.

WHEN a new girl comes along for a job she first of all goes to see Miss Cotton, who invites her in, gives her a chair, and then has a chat about the sort of work the girl would like to do, what she has done before, and so on. The new hand is always taken to have a look at the job before she signs on for it, and she is also introduced to the foreman of the shop who, naturally, has the last word as to whether she is to be engaged or not.

If the girl is successful she comes back to Miss Cotton's office, where the hours of work and rates of pay are explained. Then she is taken along to see the Medical Officer, who tests her eyes, eyesight, and weighs and measures her.

When the new arrival comes to work next morning she pays another visit to Miss Cotton, who hands her a green envelope containing various booklets and pamphlets. There's one on Works Rules, another on the terms of agreement between the firm and the various Trade Unions concerned with it, yet another on Safety in the Works, and one on the firm's Friendly Society—its contributions and benefits.

After patiently and lucidly explaining all this, Miss Cotton hands the beginner her clock-card, which has to be punched when she starts and finishes work each day, and then she gets down to the job.

WHETHER looking after men or women, the Personnel Manager's job is to make as certain as is humanly possible that all those working for the firm do their best. Anything which comes between them and "best," whether it is risk of accidents or some dissatisfaction, must be attended to. The work divides itself up into questions of wages; engaging, transferring, and dismissing staff; seeing that management and staff get

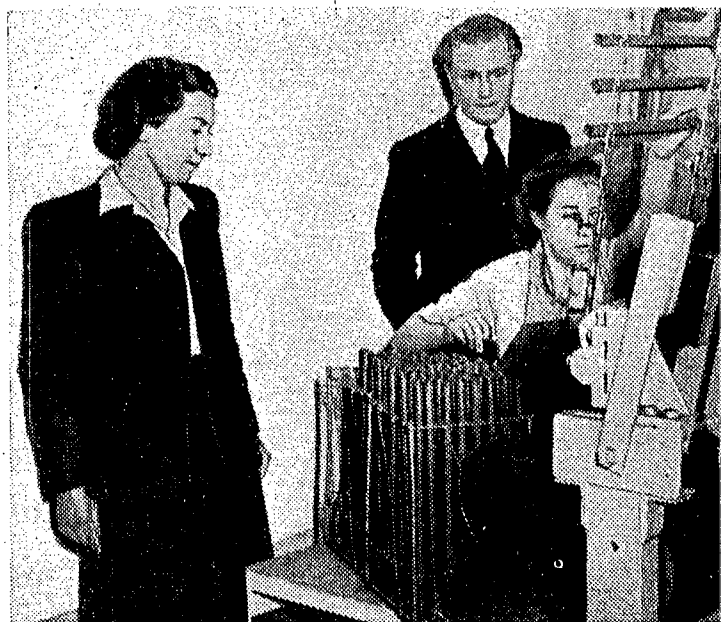
together round a table to discuss problems of all sorts; health, training, and so on.

One of the many duties Miss Cotton has to carry out is the answering of almost any and every kind of question about the staff from the management. She has to give a return of the number of workers in each shop every Friday. She has to make a list of employees joining and leaving the firm. One moment she is asked how many young people are employed this month, and another, how many folk over 60. And she has to have the answers ready, so it is a question of always keeping things up to date.

One day it may be a Government Radiography Unit—it tests



Miss Phyllis Cotton interviews every woman who applies for work in the factory



Miss Cotton often leaves her desk to keep in touch with the workers at their machines

people's chests—arrives and she has to supply a list of employees in all departments and then produce those whom the Unit wants to see.

WHEN the National Health Scheme started Miss Cotton's office organised a series of talks

to the married women to explain all about it on the lines of, "What It Means to You."

She also has to watch for those who are going to qualify for the firm's Long Service Awards—a silver watch for 20 years' service, a gold one for 30 years, and a clock, and a dinner

to present it at, for 40 years.

This is a fine and interesting job. It needs lots of tact and the ability to talk to every sort of person and see their point of view. It needs a strong sense of fairness, too. And so many firms have thought it good to appoint someone to do this work that an Institute of Personnel Management has been founded.

MISS COTTON came to this work by way of Birmingham University, experience as a school teacher and secretary, and then a wartime Government course. She told me that she gets to her office at 8.30 every morning, after a 45-minute bus ride, and leaves around 5.30 o'clock.

In the course of a single day she may be arranging a free telephone call for some worker with a relative in hospital, settling a quarrel between two girls, arranging an interview with the firm's Legal Department for someone in trouble over the Rent Act, or helping a mother to get her small child into a Day Nursery while she is at work.

Phyllis Cotton has had six years at the job, and she summed it up for me like this: "If you really like people, it's the nicest job in the world."

And when I went round the shops of that factory with her and watched her talking with her girls, and the way they smiled at her, I could well believe it.



In a big factory it is usual to find a first-aid centre and clinic, not only to deal with accidents but to supervise generally the well-being of the staff



Facilities for all kinds of games and recreations are also a feature of many modern industrial organisations

June 18, 1949

The Children's



Schoolgirl Lace-Makers

The old art of lace-making is being revived at New Bradwell Girls' School, Wolverton, Buckinghamshire. With bobbins and pillows given by local people a class has been formed, and here we see the girls busy at their work.

Caterpillars by the Million

CANVEY ISLAND, in the Thames Estuary, has recently declared war on the caterpillars of the brown-tail moth, which have been swarming there for a number of years. Last year they entirely destroyed the fruit crop and invaded houses, but it is hoped that intensive spraying with DDT will combat the pest.

These caterpillars are particularly unpleasant, for if touched their hairs cling to the skin and cause a rash which soon festers.

Caterpillar plagues are all too common. A few years ago even the sturdy oak trees in some parts of England were killed by caterpillars. An oak can stand the loss of its leaves for one season, but if the foliage is devoured for two or more years in succession, the tree is weakened and may die.

In 1926 London was invaded by caterpillars of the vapourer moth, and in July it was impossible to sit under trees because of the numbers that dropped. During the following winter and spring, however, cocoon hunting by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides was carried out with good results.

Another caterpillar which sometimes swarms in enormous numbers is that of the antler moth. In 1915 the Westmorland Fells were literally covered with them. They destroyed the grass by eating the roots, and damaged hundreds of acres of pasture, so that sheep had to be removed. At Hawes Junction the beck was

choked and poisoned with the bodies of these pests.

Keeping caterpillars in check is a never-ending struggle, for the insecticide that kills them one year may have lost its effectiveness five years later. There is a danger, too, in the indiscriminate use of poison sprays, because these might also kill insect-eating birds and other enemies of caterpillars. The greatest destroyer of caterpillars is the ichneumon wasp, which lays its eggs under the caterpillar's skin, the grubs later eating the caterpillar.

Caterpillar plagues on a gigantic scale also occur in other countries. In 1903 a vast army of caterpillars marched across New South Wales, eating every green thing in their path. Near Bathurst a twenty-acre field of oats was completely destroyed in half a day. Mail trains to Sydney were stopped by the crushed bodies of the larvae crossing the lines, the rails becoming so greasy that even with sand the wheels could not get a proper hold on the rails.

Chemicals, washes, and fire have been frequently used to kill plagues of caterpillars, but the strangest means of combating them is surely that used in the Catskill Mountains of the United States. There the farmers blow horns under infested trees, and the sound vibrations bring down large numbers of the pests for destruction.

SIR HENRY'S SWINGING CABIN

WHAT must surely be the most remarkable ship's cabin ever made has been offered for sale by Kent Education Committee. Through the middle of its ceiling runs a strong steel girder which, connected with gimbals at either side, allows the whole cabin to swing.

The cabin was specially built for Sir Henry Bessemer, of steel fame. He was very prone to seasickness, and so much did he fear the Channel crossing which he had to make many times for business reasons, that he at length hit on the idea of the swinging cabin which would remain horizontal when the ship

rolled, much as a sailor's hammock does.

Being slung on only one axis, Sir Henry's cabin worked perfectly when the ship rolled from side to side; but it did not counteract the pitch from stem to stern, and so a paddle-steamer, the ss Bessemer, was built, which was so long that it had very little fore-and-aft pitch.

Sir Henry made many a comfortable journey in this vessel, but he did not find her an unmixed blessing, for her length made her difficult to steer into harbour and he several times had to pay for damage done to the pier.

Humours of Muddled Age

THE Mayor and Corporation of Bermondsey recently paid an official birthday visit to old Mrs Marian Bauld, so we can be quite sure that the anniversary they joined her in celebrating was really that of a lady of five score and six.

Experience has taught the world, however, to receive with caution unconfirmed claims to great age. Not long ago a native of Turkey boasted of years that would have made him the most ancient Turk that ever lived, while a Bechuanaland native was said to have survived to the age of 130. Both claims were as exaggerated as the premature reports of Mark Twain's death.

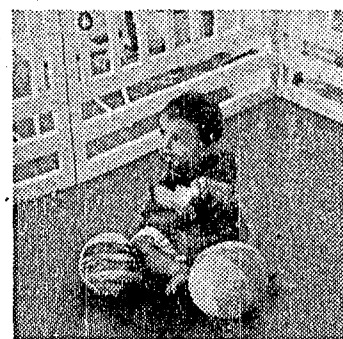
Longer Life Now

Past records of little worth teem with statements as to the great age attained by people then living or recently dead. To live to 150 years was declared to be a common occurrence, but the truth is that with every advance of civilisation the average length of life has improved, and so has accuracy of recording.

Registers and tombstones also prove sadly misleading. One such stone states that the man beneath it was aged 309. The actual number of his years was 39, but the village stonemason, doing his best, first cut the thirty (30), then added the remaining nine, and lo, there was the staggering total, 309, as the age of that unsung patriarch of the hamlet!

A CHANGE FROM FLYING

THIS little girl is stretching her legs in an unusual kind of nursery. She is an air passenger taking advantage of the air liner's stop at Karachi to play in



the nursery established there by B.O.A.C.

On the flight her parents, like those of other child passengers, have been busy keeping an eye on her; now they can relax while Kitty plays in the nursery under the care of Nurse Mrs Mary Royal, who comes from Madras and is herself the mother of six children.

The nursery is equipped with cots, playpens, buffer-chairs, rocking-horses, and toys of all kinds. Varied tastes are catered for. One little boy who became restive when the air liner had landed was provided with a bicycle in the nursery—something of a come-down after a plane. Another young passenger arrived with a spade and bucket and was promptly given sand and water.

Nurse Royal has had many letters from mothers all over the world thanking her for the help she has given them on their way through Karachi.

The Editor's Table

LIVING BOOK

AMONG all the noble books in the English tongue the Book of Common Prayer is next to the Bible in our hearts. For 400 years the English people have treasured it in their churches and in the privacy of their homes; it has helped to form their minds and characters, to purify their thought, and to help them in their worship of God.

The simplicity and grace of the Prayer Book have been a solace to generation after generation. In village church and great cathedral alike the same words have been said so regularly that they have become woven into the pattern of English life.

ALL the essentials of the Christian faith are in it. There are statements simple enough for a little child to understand, as well as all the majesty of the great creeds for those of riper years. It ministers to the spiritual needs of those who govern and guide the realm of England, and of those who serve it by land and sea and air.

This wonderful book is a precious part of our great heritage. But it is also a living, vital book. Its questions are as searching for the twentieth century as they were for the sixteenth. It calls everyone who uses it to look at himself before he looks at others. It reminds a man of his public and private duties, and also that these duties are more important than his rights. It reminds him that life is given him as a trust, and that one day he must give an account of his stewardship.

FOR four hundred years English men, women, and children have found guidance in the Book of Common Prayer; and at this time of its fourth centenary celebrations we can all hope and pray that it will continue to be as great a source of comfort and inspiration to succeeding generations in the centuries yet to come.

The Floor of Heaven

SIR, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it. *Shakespeare*

HEALTH IS STRENGTH

TO have the body active and healthy can be hurtful to you on no occasion; and since we can not do anything without the body, it is certain that a good constitution will be of great advantage to us in all our undertakings. *Socrates*

TO NEW HOMES

ONE of the saddest problems left by the war was the repatriation of the many refugees and displaced persons scattered far away from their homes.

It is good to learn from the International Refugee Organisation of the United Nations that the problems are gradually being solved. In his report just published, the Director-General, William Hallam Tuck, tells how during the past year an international network of trains, aircraft, and ships has helped to move displaced persons to new homes in all the five continents.

Altogether 28 vessels, have been used, flying the flags of U.S.A., Great Britain, Panama, Norway, Greece, Italy, Poland, Netherlands, and Turkey. Air transport, too, has played its part, and this particular "air-lift" has moved about 5500 people during the last six months.

Once again the United Nations have demonstrated how good will can solve the most stubborn of problems.

Getting Together

THE need for people of different parishes to get together was urged recently by the Bishop of London. He was speaking about the lessons of the fortnight's mission to London.

"The whole Church of England is based on parishes, and I would be sorry to see that age-old organisation pass away," he said, "but obviously it is not sufficient that every parish should be cribbed and confined within its own narrow boundaries. . . . In this mission boundaries have been broken down, and there has been more intercourse between parishes and sections of society than ever before. In future we must remember to act upon that, so that parishes shall be free to mingle and help each other."

The Bishop also declared that a halt had been called to the recession from religion and that the advance was most conspicuous among young people.

Under the E



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

If flag days create a
wave of enthusiasm

SOME people like to be in the van of every new movement. But may end up in the cart.

SOME people have faith in a bottle of medicine. And don't ever want it shaken.

SMALL numbers of enthusiasts keep ballooning alive. And they are going up.

GALLON Unit May Stay, says a news heading. Most motorists find it goes too quickly.

The Children's Cause

WARM praise for the NSPCC was expressed by Princess Elizabeth in a speech read for her at the Society's annual meeting.

Princess Elizabeth declared that she did not think there was any organisation performing a more vital service to the country's welfare, but, "it is in better education for those who are to be parents, in the provision of healthier home surroundings, in better playing fields, and in opportunities for the better use of children's leisure hours that a still wider remedy must be sought."

These wise words will encourage all who put the welfare of the child first in the reshaping of the world.

PURPOSE OF ART

SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS' criticism of modern artists continues to cause controversy. Many agree with Sir Alfred that they often produce works which are grotesque and ugly.

Something on the other side has been said by Mr Philip Hendy, Director of the National Gallery, who pointed out that art only begins to be art when it wanders away from exact reproduction.

The essence of art, he went on, is that an idea should be expressed in the material of that art. The sculptor who tries to make marble look like lace is distorting marble.

Mr Hendy was opening an exhibition at Manchester of sculpture and drawings by Henry Moore, and he spoke of Moore's work as an example of the right use of material. In Moore's case this was marble and, "Every work that Henry Moore created was a logical working out of some inherent quality in the marble itself. He wanted to get back to the stoniness of stone."

JUST AN IDEA

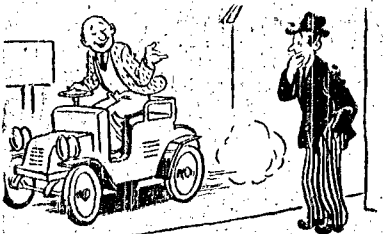
As Thomas Fuller wrote, *If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.*

Editor's Table

AUTHORS are easy to get on with. But all authors do not get on.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why a pig has a curly tail. Keeps turning it over.

A CHILDREN'S museum is to be started in Kent. What sort of children will be in it?



AN says he is very good at driving gains. He should keep a garage.

THINGS SAID

THE value of migrants' to Australia far outweighs any temporary inconvenience caused by their arrival in large numbers.

Prime Minister of Australia

I WONDER whether it is really conducive to the country's welfare, to our cultural benefit, to see public service vehicles plastered with blatant advertising.

Lord Lucas

AFTER a child has received the basic needs of food and shelter its next needs are security and affection.

Professor Alan Moncrieff

So far no one has defined "working classes."

Minister of Health

I DO not feel, as I did before the last war, that another terrible war is inevitable. I think the light is broadening, and let honour be given to all who have done their part to that end.

Winston Churchill

Gold For the Finding

SCOTLAND now has 79 youth hostels scattered all over the country, the northernmost being at Tongue in Sutherland.

The slogan of young folk arriving at the Borders Youth Hostel at Wanlockhead in Lanarkshire, much farther south, is, "Thar's gold in them thar hills," for several local residents know exactly where to look for gold, and sometimes successful gold-diggers have started from the hostel. Indeed it is quite possible for an energetic holiday prospector to find enough small gold to make a wedding ring.

But if the young rambler is out of luck in looking for the precious metal he is bound to find gold of greater value—health and enjoyment—in roaming over glorious Scotland.

POINT OF VIEW

BOYS from 11 Glasgow schools who were addressed by Lord Rowallan at a Rotary Club meeting recently, enjoyed his story of the Indian who came to study our educational system. Asked for his comments, the Indian remarked, "What a pity it is that these young people spend so much time in school when they might be learning!"

A Prayer

GRANT, O Lord, that we may carefully watch over our tempers and every unholy feeling; remove whatever in us may be a stumbling-block in another's way; that, by conforming to Thy will in small things, we may hope by Thy protection and help to pass safely through the greater dangers and trials to which we may be exposed. Amen.

Christina G. Rossetti

THINK ON THIS

IF all our misfortunes were laid in a heap whence every one must take an equal portion, most persons would be content to take their own and depart.

Plutarch



Feeding Time

Three-week-old donkey Bambi, of Mangotsfield, Gloucestershire, comes for his daily milk.

He Stopped the Train With His Foot

A VERY pleasing ceremony took place not long ago in a German hospital. The French Governor of Trier (Trèves) pinned a gold medal on the pillow of a German engine-driver, August Vochtcl, for his heroism in saving his passengers' lives last November.

Vochtcl was driving the express from Trier to Coblenz when an explosion set his driver's cabin on fire and severely burned one of his arms as the train rushed into a tunnel. He and his fireman at first jumped onto the footplate, but Vochtcl knew that only a mile beyond the tunnel was Kochem station and a sharp curve to the right. If he could not stop the train it might crash into another or, at the speed it was going, leave the rails at the curve.

Both of the men tried to reach the hand-brake through the flames but were driven back. Then Vochtcl managed to get his uninjured arm round a headlamp and hold on, while with his foot he turned the valve over. This caused the train to stop, but the gallant driver fainted and fell on the permanent way.

The Railway Administration has given him the rank of Master Engine Driver and a gratuity—and now he is the proud owner of a gold medal.

CURE FOR A GRUFF WIRELESS

THE wireless set at a country school was not very satisfactory from the point of view of reproduction of speech. When the volume was turned up it sounded as if the lecturer had a cold, and beyond a certain point it simply went all gruff, like a big dog barking.

The master examined the set and saw that a large part of the interior was empty. He came to the conclusion that cabinet resonance was causing the gruffness when the set was operated at volume. The obvious thing to do was to fill up the cavity with some sound-absorbing material.

An appeal was issued for old clothes, and very soon a couple of old overcoats were stuffed into the wireless set. A couple of children's frocks followed, and there were also miscellaneous items such as old caps and even dusters.

After completely absorbing its meal of old clothes the wireless set was on its best behaviour, and its enunciation of the English language, even at full volume, was a joy to listen to.

THE ORIGINAL NAMBY-PAMBY

HENRY CAREY, who wrote the ever-delightful Sally in Our Alley, has a second claim to fame as the inventor of the adjective Namby-Pamby, for insipidly silly or sentimental writing or talk. He derived it from the name of the poet Ambrose Philips, who died on June 18, just 200 years ago.

Philips delighted to write little poems for the children of his distinguished friends. His serious work was marred by an affected, extravagant simplicity of language and metre, and in the children's poems he was judged to sink to his lowest.

So Carey wrote a parody mimicking the style. Namby is a child's pronunciation of Ambrose, and Pamby, rhyming with it, serves as a children's way of pronouncing Philips. Once invented, the name stuck permanently to Philips, and namby-pamby became an adjective to describe a false simplicity of style such as he affected in such lines as "Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling"—a line that lives only because of the fury with which his critics greeted it. Namby-pamby has ever since been a contemptuous term for affected and silly

over-sentimental writing, speech, or character.

Philips's affectedness did not end with his writing; he was affected in his dress, from his red stockings to the uttermost detail of his attire, the 17th-century dandy complete. But his life-span of 77 years had its serious phases. He spent much time abroad, and also in Ireland, where he became an MP and a judge. In London he was an associate of Addison, Steele, Swift, and other notable men.

Dr Johnson derived pleasure from some of his writings, but said that Philips valued most the very work that the critic would reject. Little of his writing survives, however, and the line "studious of ease and fond of humble things" is one of the few by which the blameless Namby-Pamby is remembered.

ELEPHANT PEACEMAKER

A CHARMING story comes from Ceylon of how an affectionate elephant made up a quarrel between a man and his wife.

The elephant's name is Hurathali, and she belongs to a young man who some months ago married a girl from another village and brought her to his home. The young woman took a great fancy to Hurathali and regularly brought her such goodies as sugar cane, candy, fruit, and so on. The elephant in turn became devoted to her new mistress.

Unhappily the young wife quarrelled with her mother-in-law and ran away to her own

mother. Poor Hurathali was heart-broken at her absence. She refused to eat or work, and one night broke loose. In the uncanny way animals have she traced her well-loved mistress to her mother's house. In the morning she approached the house, trumpeting mournfully. The young woman came out and Hurathali joyfully trotted up and caressed her with her trunk.

The young wife was deeply touched, for she felt that Hurathali had come to persuade her to make up the quarrel.

Later, her young husband, who thought he had lost both wife and elephant, saw them return.

Flying Fox is a Nuisance

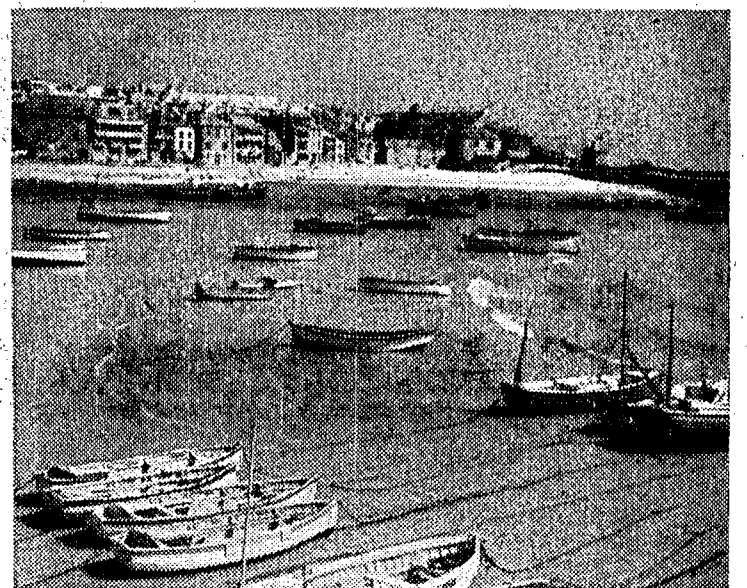
IN these hungry days when Australia is striving to increase her food resources, one of the strangest and one of the biggest nuisances is the flying fox.

Flying foxes are not really foxes at all, but giant bats, some with a wing span of over five feet and a body as big as that of a cat. These furry creatures prey on orchards in search of ripe fruit or anything which has honey in it.

Flying foxes were first dis-

covered in some French islands in the Indian Ocean. When, in 1770, Captain James Cook beached his ship Endeavour at the mouth of a river in the far north of Queensland to which he gave the name of his beloved ship, one of his seamen detected this most peculiar creature, which he took for the devil.

Harmless creatures enough in other respects, these giant bats devour man's food, and so they are enemies, like rabbits.



THIS ENGLAND

Low tide in the harbour of St Ives, Cornwall

THAT WORD "COBBLER"

Boor repairers, it appears, are objecting to being described as "cobblers." The National Federation of Boot Trades Associations recently voted overwhelmingly for a motion declaring that it was an "offensive word," and asked that journalists should stop using it.

It seems a pity that such a fine old English word should now be in such disrepute. It has a long ancestry in our language; as far back as the 14th century we find Langland in *Piers Plowman* referring to "Clement the Cobbler."

Perhaps the most famous use of "cobbler" is in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, where the Second Commoner puns on a second meaning of the word, namely "a clumsy workman," which was common in the 16th century. He replies pertly to the overbearing tribune: "Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler." In this case, the tribune misunderstands, gets very angry, and demands to know the citizen's trade.

Elusive Owl

WILLINGHAM, a tiny village in North Suffolk, has been prominent in the news—all through an owl!

Thought to be mounting guard over a nest of young while its mate went off in search of food, the bird made several night attacks on cyclists passing along a quiet road under the tall elms in which it lived.

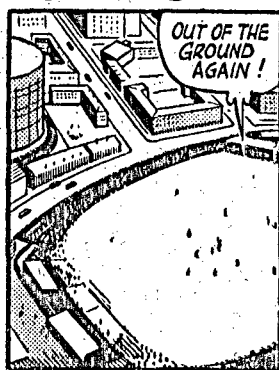
The owl would drop noiselessly upon the shoulders of its victims—and peck their heads.

The bird was protected by law from shooting, and every other ruse to catch it failed. Ladders were placed up the trees to try to take it in daylight, and nets were tried. One young farm worker set a rat trap tied to a wartime tin hat on his head and then cycled up and down the road. But the owl just would not be caught, and it was last seen flying off to nearby woods accompanied by two sturdy youngsters.

Steps to Sporting Fame



New captain of Northants is F.R. Brown, all-round cricketer, and Cambridge hockey blue. He captained the North XI v the South recently.



Born at Lima, Peru, Brown qualified for Surrey by residence and played for England v New Zealand in 1931. The following summer he hit 212 at the Oval and twice sent the ball out of that vast ground.

Freddie Brown



He has told the revitalised Northampton team to be enterprising, and has set so good an example that the "Cinderella" county has won victories as well as respect this season.



An unusual distinction is held by the Brown family, for Freddie's sister Aline has also played cricket for England. A left-arm spin bowler, Aline toured Australia with the English women's team.

HIKING ROUND THE WORLD

Two 26-year-old men, Iain Muir and John McPhedran, whose homes are at Kilmun, Argyllshire, set out last month in an attempt to walk round the world.

Employees of the Forestry Commission, they have been planning their walking tour for a year. With all their worldly possessions packed into two rucksacks, and carrying a lightweight tent in which to sleep, they expect to be away for three years.

Their first goal was London, then across the Channel to France, down through Italy and over to North Africa. From North Africa they intend travelling through the Middle East, and on into the Far East by the route they find most convenient. John, who was born at Maymyo in Burma would like to reach there eventually.

They are no strangers to world travel. Iain served with the Royal Navy during the war in the Mediterranean, and John escaped from Burma by trekking through the jungles to India, where he joined the American Forces as an interpreter with General Stilwell.

Both believe it would help people to get to understand one another better if others, like themselves, would undertake such long-distance hikes into strange lands.

Scottish Sea-School

A second sea-school, similar to the Outward Bound at Aberdovey, is to be run at Burghead on the Moray Firth. It will start with about 40 boys and a 60-ton schooner. The Outward Bound Trust are also giving consideration to the question of training girls.

Several hundred boys each year spend a period at Aberdovey, where in addition to land training they learn something of the management of small boats and spend several days at sea in the school's ketch, the 80-ton *Garibaldi*. In addition to the ketch, soon to be replaced, the school has four dinghies, two lifeboats, and four sailing cutters.

Schoolchildren in a Scientific Wonderland

SOME 260 lucky London school-boys and girls recently visited Burlington House and tried to beat a machine that plays—and always wins—the game of noughts and crosses.

They were the guests of that august body, the Royal Society, and they saw examples of present-day scientific research.

The Noughts and Crosses machine is the invention of Mr Donald Davies of the National Physical Laboratory. It is a complicated-looking affair, something like a small telephone exchange, and the noughts or crosses appear on an illuminated panel. Wherever you put your nought or cross, this "thinking" machine puts others to beat you. Mr Davies built it from surplus material at the cost of about £10.

The boys and girls were also shown a machine which enables a scientist to dissect a spider's egg which is invisible to the naked eye. This is of course done with the aid of a microscope. In helping to fight red spiders which damage apple orchards, scientists had to know the composition of these spiders' eggs, so they developed this apparatus which enables them to carry out the minute egg-cutting operation while keeping the tiny object in view.

A surprising exhibit was some brilliantly-coloured red, green, and orange fluorescent compounds which had been extracted from those ugly black aphides which attack our broad beans.

But the chief thrill for the schoolchildren was a moving pic-

ture of an explosion on the Sun. In it the Sun flings out into space a mass of flaming gas a million miles high. It appears; it resolves itself into an arch; the arch breaks down till less and less of it is seen as the fragments left are drawn back into the Sun.

We owe this spectacle in the first place to an invention devised by M. Henri Lyot, and operated before the war in France.

At a total eclipse of the Sun, the Moon shuts out the Sun's disc from sight, so that anything occurring on its rim is no longer lost in the Sun's brightness. M. Lyot's invention artificially shuts out what the Moon does naturally, revealing at all times the corona in all its magnificence, and, on the Sun's rim, those bead-like objects which bear witness to the unceasing restlessness of its surface; and on rare occasions an explosion like that shown at Burlington House.

Now, with much patience and resource Professor D. H. Menzel of the High Altitude Observatory of Harvard University has combined into a film the movements he photographed—the "stills" of the stages of the explosion. This unique film Professor Menzel sent to the Royal Astronomical Society, which in turn lent it to the Royal Society.

CLOCK WITH 64 DIALS

RUSSIAN clockmakers have recently repaired and set going again a very unusual clock.

The clock, which is more than 100 years old, was damaged during the war. It is the only mantelpiece clock in the world to have 64 dials. Each dial records the time as it is in a different part of Russia, the two central dials showing the time in Moscow and Leningrad—or St Petersburg as it was in the days

when the clock was made. The clock also shows the days of the week and the phases of the Moon.

All the dials are set in motion by one small mechanism which has a disc to which the 64 dials are attached. The clock was made by a serf craftsman, for until 1861 most Russian peasants were serfs. The maker was Ivan Yurin, and the task took him more than twenty years.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Jules Verne's Great Story, Told in Pictures



Fogg and his party carried the widow to their elephant, on which they trotted away. The Indians, finding the widow had been rescued, fired a volley after them which harmed no one.



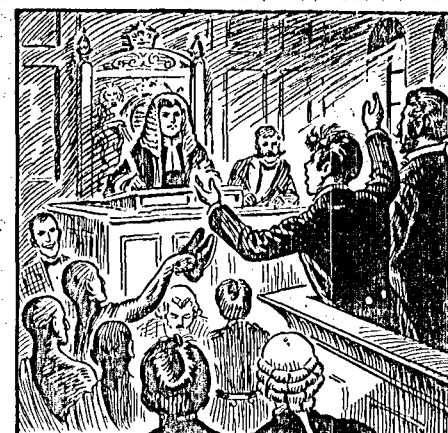
They arrived safely at Allahabad, where Fogg was to catch the train for Calcutta. Jean gave some sugar to the elephant, who lifted up the hero of the widow's rescue while Jean patted him.



Fogg gave the elephant to the Indian driver and sent Jean to buy some clothes for the widow, Mrs Aouda. She could speak English well and, in the train, with tears in her eyes, thanked Fogg and Jean for rescuing her. The train was due at Calcutta at 7 a.m. and the steamer for Hong Kong left at noon. In spite of his adventure, Fogg was still on time in his attempt to dash round the world in 80 days.



At Calcutta station Fogg and Jean were arrested by a policeman. They did not see Detective Fix in the background. He had not yet received from London his warrant for the arrest of Fogg, whom Fix wrongly assumed to be a bank robber. But Fix had thought out another way of delaying Fogg until the warrant arrived. Puzzled at Mr Fogg having a lady with him, he followed them to the police station.



Before the judge, at 8.30 that morning, Jean was amazed at being charged with profaning a temple in Bombay by entering it with shoes on—a serious offence. Mr Fogg was held responsible for his servant's behaviour. The three Bombay priests, with whom Jean had had a scuffle, were in court—as arranged by Fix. Jean was sentenced to 15 days' imprisonment, and Mr Fogg to 8 days. And their boat sailed at noon!

What Will Happen to Mr Phileas Fogg Next? See Next Week's Instalment

The Children's Newspaper, June 18, 1949

This week BILL and JILL, the C N twins, encounter . . .



The Dog With Green Hair

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"No!" gasped Bill Watson. "It can't be."

He was so surprised that he put his hand to his face and rubbed his eyes.

He looked again. But there was nothing unusual to be seen now. Just a glade in the woods, with the sunlight streaming through the leaves onto the rich grass.

"It's gone!" Bill muttered to himself. "I couldn't have imagined it, could I?"

He felt badly shaken.

"Daydreaming?" asked a voice behind him, and he was so startled that he jumped; but it was only his twin sister Jill.

Jill was carrying a collection of leaves and grasses and wild plants of all kinds.

"Look! I've found a lovely lot," cried Jill. "But where are yours? You haven't got a thing. I thought you were going to help me collect nature specimens. A fine help you've turned out to be. What have you been doing with yourself? Haven't you seen anything unusual?"

Bill gulped.

"Wait till I tell you," he said. "I certainly saw something unusual. At least, I think I did."

"Then why didn't you save it for me?" pouted Jill.

"I couldn't," confessed Bill. "It was a green dog."

"Oh yes?" said Jill in a vague, off-hand way.

SHE was examining her collection and hadn't really paid much attention to what her twin was saying. But as his words registered in her mind she gave a little sudden start, and blinked.

"Funny," she said. "I must be getting deaf. It sounded just as if you said 'a green dog.'"

"That's right. A green dog. It was just over there," insisted Bill, pointing.

"Bill Watson, how dare you expect me to believe such a tale," Jill said angrily. "Everybody knows that there isn't any such thing as a green dog."

"I didn't expect you to believe me. Who would?" answered Bill glumly. "But I saw it all right."

"Fuddy-duddy!" scoffed Jill. "You went to sleep and dreamed it. Come on. Uncle Dick has the tea ready."

She realised that Bill was really serious. At first she had thought that he was just joking. But he wasn't. He actually did believe that he had seen a green dog.

THEY hurried along a path between the trees. Suddenly Bill let out a cry.

"There it is again!" he exclaimed, and pointed.

Jill looked. She couldn't see anything.

"Where?" she asked suspiciously.

"It's gone now," admitted Bill. "But if only you had been a little quicker you would have seen it."

Round a bend in the path they came on a pretty little dell where Uncle Dick was waiting for them.

He had tea set out on a white tablecloth.

Bill looked unhappy.

"I—don't—think—I—want—any—tea," he said slowly.

Uncle Dick looked at his nephew in surprise. "Are you sure you feel all right?" he said.

"It's nothing," muttered Bill.

"He's been seeing green dogs," said Jill.

"Jill!" exclaimed Bill imploringly. "Let's not talk about it any more. No one would believe me."

"What's this about green dogs?" demanded Uncle Dick.

"I did see one," Bill admitted. "It was just like an ordinary wire-haired fox terrier. Only it was as green as—as grass."

UNCLE DICK raised his eyebrows questioningly at Jill.

"Have you seen this canine freak, too?" he asked.

"No," Jill shook her head.

"Bill tried to point it out to me. But I couldn't see it."

"Of course you don't believe me!" cried Bill. "How can I expect you to? I guess I'm the only person in the whole world who ever saw a dog with green hair. You think I'm making it up, or dreamed it. But it's in these woods somewhere. I've seen it—twice."

Uncle Dick saw that Bill was getting into a really distressed state and that there would be no peace until they had got to the bottom of the strange affair.

He saw smoke rising from the chimney of a little cottage not far away, and decided to make some inquiries.

The twins waited at the gate when Uncle Dick knocked at the cottage door.

A MAN in his shirt-sleeves opened the door. He looked hopefully at Uncle Dick.

"Are you the man from the council, about putting in the drains?" he asked.

"I'm sorry. I came to inquire about a dog," confessed Uncle Dick.

"Oh!" answered the man, disappointed. "I've been on to Mr Jelly for years. He's the chairman on the committee, you see. It's all very well for him, living up on the main road with every convenience. How would he like it here with no water and no drains? What did we elect him



Dolls on Parade

A model of the Girl Guides' headquarters in London and some of the 34 dolls of all nations in their uniforms which were shown at the Association's annual meeting.

to the council for, I'd like to know, if he can't get anything done? Nothing but promises, promises—"

He would have gone on endlessly if Uncle Dick hadn't interrupted.

"I'm sure it must be very annoying," he confessed. "But could you tell me anything about this dog? A green dog. Do you know anyone who owns such an animal?"

The cottager gave him a suspicious stare.

"A what?" he asked.

"A green dog. My nephew says, he has seen one."

"Nobody hereabouts owns any kind of dog, except Mr Jelly. That's a white one. Taken a lot of prizes. Mr Jelly reckons to put it in the local show next week—"

"I'm sorry we troubled you," Uncle Dick said hurriedly.

As they all turned away from the cottage Jill gave a sudden squeal. Her foot had slipped into a ditch. One of her white shoes had become sopping wet.

"See what I mean?" said the cottager gloomily. "If only Mr Jelly would give us proper drains that wouldn't have happened."

Uncle Dick hurried the twins away to cut short another flow of talk.

"I'm afraid your green dog is a myth, Bill," said Uncle Dick as they returned to the picnic site.

"So!" cried Bill. "Look at that tablecloth. How do you explain that?"

They stared. In their absence something had happened to the white tablecloth. It was covered with tracks; doggy footprints. And they were green!

"Now do you believe me?" cried Bill in mingled triumph and relief.

"Why, there is the dog!" exclaimed Jill.

With a joyous bark the dog rushed at them from some bushes. It looked exactly like any other terrier, excepting that its hair was bright green!

Uncle Dick caught the dog. It had a metal address-tag on its collar.

"It's Mr Jelly's dog!" he said. "But the man said Mr Jelly's dog was white," protested Jill.

"It's green enough now," retorted Uncle Dick. "Mr Jelly can't live far away. We had better take this dog home."

THEY soon found the house. Mr Jelly was in his garden.

Uncle Dick hardly knew how to explain the reason for his visit.

"Er—we have been talking to the gentleman who lives in the cottage across the woods," he said. "There, where those green curtains have just been hung on the washing-line."

"That's Grigsby. Always worrying me about drains. He talks and talks. Asking him a question is like taking your finger out of a dyke. What's wrong with him now?" growled Mr Jelly.

JILL glanced at her shoe, the one that had slipped into the wet ditch. It was already beginning to dry. With a gasp of surprise she saw that the shoe was turning green, the exact colour of the green dog. She looked across the woods to where the curtains were flapping in the wind. They, too, were the same shade of green.

"It was about a dog," Uncle Dick was saying. "This dog."

"My dog!" cried Jelly, catching sight of the dog for the first time. "What have you done to him? You scoundrel. He's ruined. I was going to put him in the show. He's a prize-winner. This is sabotage!"

"He'll go white again in time," said Jill comfortingly. "He's been dyed."

"Dyed!" howled Mr Jelly. "I'll telephone the police. I'll have someone arrested. When I find out who is responsible—"

"I don't think anyone is responsible," murmured Jill, "unless it is this committee which has been so long over giving Mr Grigsby his drains."

"What do you mean, young woman?" asked Mr Jelly sharply.

"Poor Mrs Grigsby. She has been dyeing her curtains. As her washhouse has no proper drain all the waste water runs into the ditch. The dye water went into the ditch. Your dog must have gone into the ditch, too."

MR JELLY was still fuming when the twins and Uncle Dick hurried back to their picnic.

"Somehow I don't think Mr Grigsby will have to wait much longer for his drain," chuckled Jill.

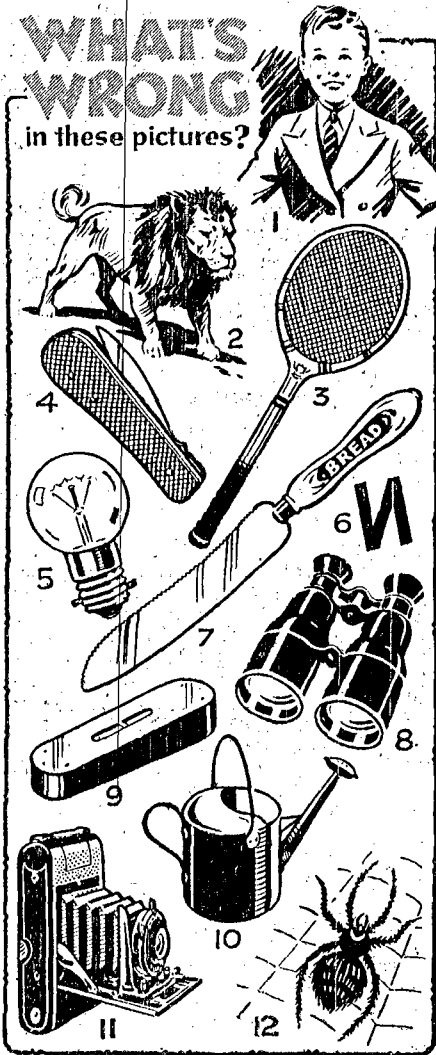
She was right. A few weeks later, when they had another picnic at the same spot, they saw Mr Grigsby and his wife standing proudly at the cottage gate while council workmen carried a brand-new sink into the washhouse.

Another Bill and Jill story soon

C N Competition No 4

WIN THIS WEEK'S FREE BICYCLE!

"Ensign" Cameras as Other Prizes



HERE is the fourth of the new weekly C N Competitions, in which a New Bicycle is the chief prize every week. Now out with your pen or pencil and see what your entry can do for you!

This time the Bicycle (junior or full-size, as required) will be given to the boy or girl who can tell just what is wrong with each of these twelve drawings. Ensign "Ful-Vue" Cameras will be awarded to the five next-best entries. Handwriting and general neatness in relation to age will be taken into account to decide ties.

All you have to do is to take a postcard or single sheet of paper, put your name, address, and age at the top right-hand corner and underneath a numbered list of the twelve errors—or as many of them as you have been able to find. Write them as briefly as possible in your best handwriting or printing. Thus, letter N reversed is one of the answers.

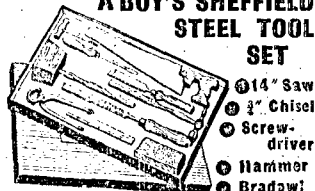
Then cut out and pin or paste the competition token (marked "C N Token") and given at the foot of the back page of this issue, and ask your parent, guardian, or teacher to sign your completed entry as being your own written work. Post to:

C N Competition No 4,
GPO Box 682,
The Fleetway House,
London, EC4 (Comp),
to arrive by Friday, June 24.

NB—These competitions are open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands. No reader may send more than one attempt in each week's competition, to which a C N Token must be attached. The Editor's decision will be final.

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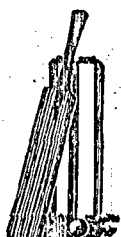
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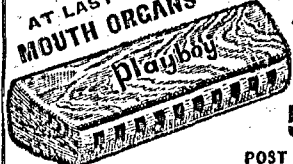
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Playground in the Wild Highlands WONDERLAND OF FOREST AND LAKE

A "MAKE-YOU-WANT-TO-GO-THERE" sort of booklet is the one describing the National Forest Park at Glen More in Scotland, recently published by H.M. Stationery Office at 2s.

Glen More is in the central Highlands, about 29 miles south of Inverness, in the very heart of Scotland where even the fairies play bagpipes! It is really a wilderness within a wilderness, for, although the Park itself consists of nearly 20 square miles, mountains and forests stretch away far beyond. When you stand beside Glen More Lodge, now the Scottish Centre of Outdoor Training, and look southwards towards the mountains, you are gazing over the greatest stretch of wild country in all Britain.

Those mountains, parts of them in the Park, are the Cairngorms, which include four of the five highest peaks in the British Isles, the highest being Ben Macdui, 4296 feet—beaten only by the 4406 feet of Ben Nevis.

Here is a land of crags, heather, pine forests, streams, and lakes. Here, too, are Arctic plants which covered much of Britain in the Ice Age and have lingered on in these snow-tipped mountains.

Blue Hare, Golden Eagle

The walker will catch glimpses of wild red deer and, on the lower ground, the smaller roe deer will spring into view among the bracken to lead him away from her fawn. He may see the blue or mountain hare which becomes in winter as white as the snowy land in which it lives. Sailing above he will see the golden eagle, and perhaps hear the rush of its wings as it dives earthwards, a sound which, writes Gordon Seton in the Guide, is "like the thunder of an express train in the Spey Valley far beneath."

Cairngorms tradition tells of a queer animal called, in Gaelic, a fannh (pronounced fav). With a head twice as large as its body, it seems to have had supernatural powers, and to cross its track before dawn meant certain death! They tell, too, of the Great Grey Man of Macdui who follows you with pattering feet! Of course there are fairies who dance on moonlight nights. It is said that once a wandering shepherd stole their tiny bagpipes, but when dawn came he found himself holding nothing but a puff ball with a few blades of grass.

The Forestry Commissioners, who have planted 2500 acres of Glen More with tree crops, and reserved one of its camping areas for boys' organisations, are to be thanked for throwing this magnificent Park open for public enjoyment.

TORCH-BEARERS

News comes from Maritzburg that a small native school has been opened by eight pupils from the famous South African Public School of Hilton College. There are about 50 native pupils, and the three "Rs" are the main subjects taught by these honorary schoolmasters who have given up their spare time for this excellent work.

OKORIE, NZOGBU, AND THE REST Adopted by the Royal Family

THE British Empire Leprosy Relief Association have a scheme whereby children suffering from this dreadful disease may be "adopted," and so far 1500 of them have become the special interest of people in this country, whose generosity provides for their maintenance and treatment.

In the leprosy settlements of Nigeria, for instance, are five children who proudly claim to "belong" to the Royal Family. They have been "adopted" by the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

Okorie, the twelve-year-old boy "adopted" by the King, was found, completely destitute, at an out-patients' clinic. Now admitted to a leprosy settlement through the King's generosity, Okorie is making extremely good progress and is a happy pupil at school.

Proud Girl Guides

The Queen's interest is bestowed on Nzogbu, aged eleven, who is now a keen Girl Guide in the flourishing company in her Settlement. Nkigbe, also aged eleven, is "under the wing" of Princess Elizabeth, and was more than proud to receive a generous piece of the Royal wedding cake and share it with her fellow Girl Guides in the leprosy settlement where she is being cured.

Friday is the jolly name of the little boy, aged seven, "adopted" by the Duke of Gloucester. Because his illness is being treated in the early stages, there is every chance of an early cure. Not so fortunate is Iyatu, a 12-year-old leper girl whose "fairy godmother" is the Duchess of Gloucester. Her leprosy is advanced, and though she is improving, her cure is not yet in sight.

All the Royal "adoptors" take the keenest interest in these leper children, and study regular reports on their progress.

Getting the Best Out of Life

This about all: to thine own self be true, And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man.

STEPHEN GRAHAM, famous author and traveller, has lived life to the full; and in his latest book—Thinking of Living? (Ernest Benn, 8s 6d)—he expounds a philosophy to help others to do so.

Making a broad survey of trends in these difficult post-war years, he advises youth on the way of getting the best out of life by getting the best out of oneself. "Our new world," he writes, "is seething with all sorts of possibilities and the more you look at it the more you will like it." In other words, let us take life as we find it, grasp it with both hands, and make the best of it.

Zest for life—that is the talisman. And in this book, full of wisdom born of wide experience, Mr Graham shows us many ways of finding it, and cherishing it.

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100 BARGAIN MIXTURE - 1/-
 25 diff. BALKANS - 1/-
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Cash with order. Postage 2 1/2d. extra. When ordering please ask for a selection of our World Famous Approval Sheets.

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FACE VALUE—10,000 DOLLARS!

The Complete Mint Set of Two 5,000 dollar Giant-sized Stamps, will be sent, absolutely Free, to every Collector who asks to see a selection of our World-Famous Approvals. These very elusive stamps, one red, one green, were issued in 1948 to commemorate the Nanking and Shanghai Philatelic Exhibitions, and each stamp bears a reproduction of two other stamps! (Three in One!) Obtain this scarce, interesting, unique, historic Mint Set NOW (enclose 2 1/2d. postage). Write today. Don't delay!

D. J. HANSON

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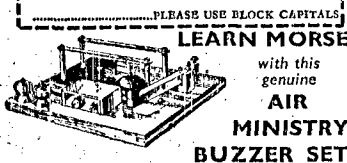
The Children's Newspaper, June 18, 1949



Mother sometimes gives you an odd copper when you do a job for her and this is how you can turn one good turn into two and help the N.S.P.C.C. to help unhappy children. Save up these coppers and, when you've collected 2/6, send it in with the form below, which you should cut out and fill in. This will make you a member of the League of Pity, the Children's Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The League will then send you a Blue Bird Badge to keep and wear and, on loan, a Blue Egg in which to put your League savings. You can be sure that every penny you earn or collect will help the N.S.P.C.C. to make some poor, ill-treated boy or girl happy. That's a worthwhile target, isn't it?



SEND THIS COUPON NOW
TO THE LEAGUE OF PITY, VICTORY HOUSE,
LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2
Please enrol me as a Member. I enclose
P.O. for 2/6.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....



Not a toy but a precision built buzzer set used for practice by Service radio operators. Well balanced. Key fitment for battery, buzzer note is variable from high to low tones. This special offer is made to readers of C N at the low cost of 4/11. Post Free (U.K. only.)

Battery 2/- extra, postage 6d. (Post free if ordered with buzzer.)

RYNESSELECTRICAL CO. LTD.,
178, STAMFORD HILL, LONDON, N.16

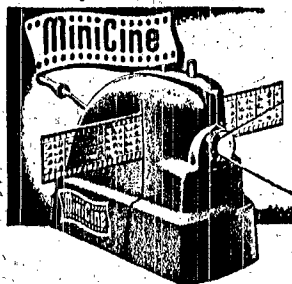
THIS MONTH'S STAMP BARGAIN!
3. MINT AUTOGYRO PICTORIALS
(Oct. 1/4) for only 5d! These super large-sized Spanish Airmails will be sent to all genuine Approvals applicants who enclose two 2d stamps. Do not delay—send your request now to:

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CANADA'S WEALTH OF ALUMINIUM Replacer of Studs for Rock-Climbers and Ramblers

ALUMINIUM is a lightweight metal for which more and more uses are being found.

Last year Canada produced 325,000 tons of aluminium, compared with 270,000 tons in the previous year. The greater part of this was exported to other countries, thus helping to pay for the imports Canada needs.

Great Britain is the largest user of Canadian aluminium, for we buy about a half of it, which, when used in our factories, plays an important part in the export drive.

Canada herself makes good use of the aluminium she retains, for it was recently estimated that over a thousand firms employ this raw material. Its many applications include the building industry, logging sleds for use in the lumbering trade, and railway wagons.

Before the war the world's annual production of aluminium was only 488,600 tons, of which Canada produced 42,500 tons.

English Lesson

To help the Mauritians in their difficulties with the English language, the Government of Mauritius have produced a booklet. It corrects the severe literalness to which they are evidently prone. The word, breakfast, for instance, is commonly used for the first meal of the day, even when taken at noon, and the booklet suggests that 10.30 a.m. might be regarded as a time-limit for the use of this word.

Again, so greatly valued is a certificate that it assumes a place of first importance; and instead of saying, "I have a certificate, they declare, "I am in the presence of a certificate."

AN unusual craftsman who might well have qualified for inclusion in Jack Warner's series of parodies about unusual occupations, is Mr Alfred Wise, shoemaker, of Lorton, in Lakeland. He is a man who replaces studs in boots of rock-climbers and ramblers, and his customers are wayfarers from far and near, shepherds, hunting followers, and farmers of the western dales.

Mr Wise opened his workshop shortly after the First World War. Not having enough paint to complete a customary sign proclaiming his name and business, he had the brainwave of using a query sign (?), intending it to be temporary. Results convinced him that it ought to be permanent.

"It makes an immediate appeal," he told a C N correspondent, "for no visitor seems to be able to resist its challenge, and almost daily in these holiday months there is a steady stream of tourists and motor coach trippers eager to solve the mystery of the sign."

Commenting on his craft, Mr Wise said: "Most holiday-makers in these parts are sensibly shod, but all who come to the mountains do not follow their example, judging by the extraordinarily large number of high heels I am asked to replace."

TWO SENTENCES

"ANYONE touching will be instantly killed," says a notice on high-tension pylons at Regensburg, Germany. Underneath, another notice says "Contravention of the notice above will be punishable with eight days' gaol."

BEDTIME CORNER

Let's Play Indians!

"PHILIP says I can't play Indians with him unless I have an Indian suit, too! Will you buy one for me, Mummie?" asked Henry.

But Henry's Mummie hadn't enough pennies for that, so she had to say No.

When she saw how disappointed he was, though, she said:

"Will you help me to make one for you, then? And, of course, Henry said he would.

So first she got an old pair of brown overalls of Daddie's and cut out a jacket and long trousers from them. And then she found two old curtains, one red and the other yellow. On the yellow one she drew four Indian wigwams and two bears. And Henry cut them out.

She sewed a wigwam on the bottom of each trouser leg, and one on each front of the jacket; and the bears she sewed on either side below the neck.

Then on the red curtain she drew two pairs of crossed hatchets, and three pairs of

crossed arrows; and Henry cut these out, too.

Mummie sewed a pair of crossed arrows in the centre of each trouser-leg wigwam, and a pair of crossed hatchets on the jacket wigwams. And the third pair of crossed arrows she stitched on to a long yellow strip bound with red for his head-dress.

Next, Henry cut out enough yellow fringe to go round the neck, wrists, and bottom of the jacket, and the trouser hems, while Mummie dyed some string with red ink for tying the jacket neck and waist.

"Now," she said, "all the rest is your job, Henry. Every afternoon you must go over the meadow to where the grey geese sleep at night, and pick up the feathers they drop there."

So every day Henry went feather-collecting till he had enough for Mummie to stitch on his head-dress. And how proud he was the day he could put on his fine new suit and play Indians with Philip in real style.

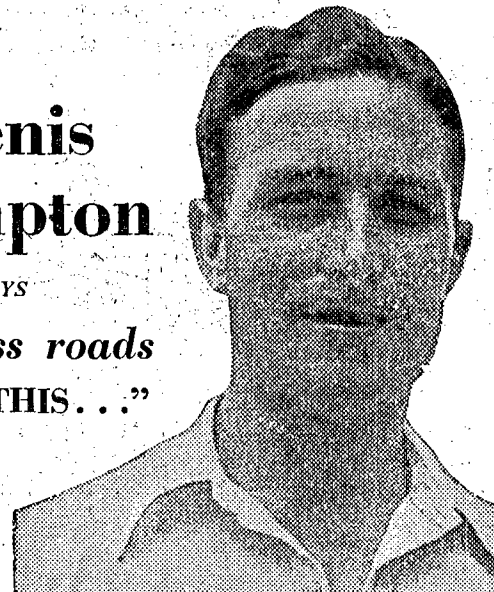


Brilliant England and Middlesex bat, and Arsenal winger...

Denis Compton

SAYS

"I cross roads like THIS..."



"Many a cricket match has been won by running singles — and in Soccer, of course, you need all your speed. But the road's no place for running — it's criminal to risk your life and other people's. I cross roads the proper way, like this:

- 1 At the kerb—HALT.
- 2 Eyes—RIGHT.
- 3 Eyes—LEFT.
- 4 Glance again—RIGHT.
- 5 If all clear—QUICK MARCH.

"I don't believe in rushing; it's better to wait till there's a real gap in the traffic.

"In both Soccer and cricket, there are sometimes risks you ought to take. But in traffic — never! It's just stupid to take risks where the results are so serious. To be a good Road Navigator, do your Kerb Drill as I do — and never try to sneak runs!"

Denis Compton

Issued by the Ministry of Transport



"Someone's run off with our shoes!"

YELLED TERRY



Clarks CHILDREN'S SHOES

THE BRAN TUB

PUZZLING

As the steamer approached Athens an old lady said to one of the sailors on board:

"Young man, what is that white stuff on the mountains?"

"That's snow, madam," replied the sailor.

"That's what I thought," said the old lady, with a puzzled expression. "But one of the passengers has just told me that it is Greece."

OPTIMIST

An Irishman, Paddy O'Rourke, was sailing from Eire to New York.

When he fell off the boat, He cried out "I shall float, For I come from the county of Cork."

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Camouflaged caterpillars. "What kind of caterpillar is this, Don?" inquired Ann.

"Where is it?" asked her brother, peering at the furze bush.

"I can't see it myself now," said Ann in perplexity. "It was a green one, with a white line down each side, and a dark line on its back."

"It was the caterpillar of a Grass Emerald Moth," said Farmer Gray, overhearing Ann's description. "These caterpillars are difficult to spot because they blend so well with their surroundings. In about six weeks' time there will be some pretty, green moths flying around. They will lay their eggs on Gorse, Broom, or Petty Whin."

POOR PERCE

Poor Perce strolled to the wicket, His bat held in his hand.

He viewed the field with lordly air, Prepared to make a stand.

The ball flew down, the balls flew off.

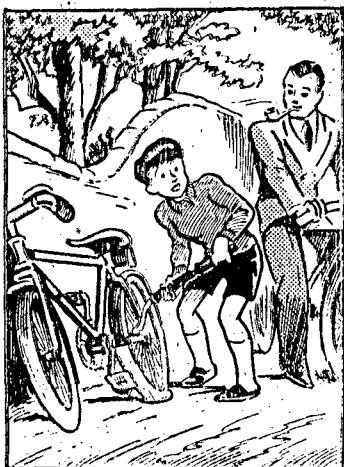
"Howzat?" there came a cry. Poor Perce looked sadly round

and said, "Let's have another try?"

Hard Work

COOKERY TEACHER: Jane, you are always telling me of what you are going to make, but I have not seen anything yet. What I want is less abstract promises and more concrete cooking.

RODDY



"I wasn't going very fast, Daddie, so it should only be a slow punctures."

Jacko & Family Go A-Picnicking



THE Jacko family decided to have a picnic in the country. Once the decision was made the usual chaos ensued. The food was hastily prepared and then it was discovered that the picnic basket was lost: when that was found the vacuum flask was broken. Finally, after a couple of hours of bedlam, they were more or less ready to go. Then Father Jacko discovered his watch had stopped—and the train was due in two minutes!

However, they raced into the station, to the accompaniment of cheers, with seconds to spare—not, as Jacko said, "With 'bags' of time."

NOT SO EASY

HERE is a little catch for some of your friends. It is not really a trick but a test of their reflexes.

Take a piece of paper about the size of a banknote and hold it in the air between your thumb and forefinger.

Ask a friend to place his thumb and forefinger on each side of the paper and about an inch apart, roughly in the centre of the sheet. Now tell him that you are going to drop the piece of paper and he must catch it between his fingers as it falls.

He will probably think that it is easy—but let him try!

Animal Round-Up

HIDDEN in each of the circles are the names of two animals. The letters are not jumbled but



are placed in their correct order. Can you find the names of the eight animals? Answer next week

The Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, June 15, to Tuesday, June 21.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 The Empty House—a story; Records, 5.25 Flight of a King (2), N. Ireland; 5.0 Algeniezza—a story; Two Little Green Shoes; Young Writers' Scripts; Songs; Piano. North, 5.0 Wandering With Nomad; Music; Science (5)—Getting Energy from Atoms. Scottish, 5.25 A Dumbarton Choir.

THURSDAY, 5.0 The Story of Robin Hood (2). 5.30 The Would-be-Goods (7). North, 5.30 Belle Vue Zoo Artists Visit a Children's Hospital. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 Piano.

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Daft Days (2). 5.35 The Agricultural Show at Worcester. North, 5.0 Biggles in the Jungle (3).

SATURDAY, 5.0 A Norman and Henry Bones play. 5.35 A Story of Waterloo.

Other Worlds

IN the evening Saturn is in the south-west and Venus is low in the west. In the morning

Jupiter is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon at 6.30 on Saturday morning, June 18.

WHAT AM I?

I do and yet I'm what is done: A book, a poem, painting, too.

I am what makes the world live on; Some folks are shy of me, 'tis true.

Without me nothing is achieved, And no reward can be received. Answer next week

Merry Andrew

A PERSON who plays the fool is sometimes called a Merry Andrew. This name comes from Andrew Borde, a very learned though rather eccentric gentleman who was physician to Henry the Eighth.

His lectures were always popular, for he would clown and interject his talk with witticisms and droll remarks, much to the amusement of his audience. Others who attempted to imitate him without possessing his learning were called Merry Andrews, which has passed down to us as the equivalent of a buffoon or clown.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 This ends a drought. 4 Demands. 7 A subject of conversation. 9 Preposition. 11 A special aptitude. 13 A sunken area on a door. 15 This expresses denial. 16 Kind of cushion. 17 For rest. 18 This restrains a horse. 19 Something that puzzles. 21 The beginning of anything. 23 In this manner. 24 Indefinite. 26 To retain. 27 Principal body of a plant.

Reading Down. 1 To harvest grain. 2 The thing in question. 3 Celebrated. 4 To trouble. 5 Views. 6 Granite block used in paving. 8 Clum. 10 South American animal allied to hog and rhinoceros. 12 Protuberances on a stem. 14 Pertaining to the place of one's birth. 17 An extra dividend. 18 A volume. 19 Oblong mass of unforged iron. 20 To wander. 22 An opening. 25 French for and.

Answer next week

Reason Enough

"Why did you quit your job?"

"They said something I didn't like," was the reply.

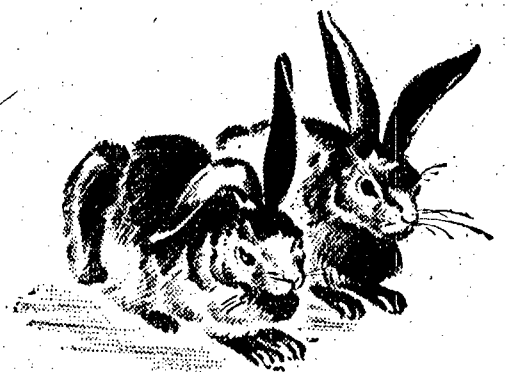
"What was that?"

"You're fired!"

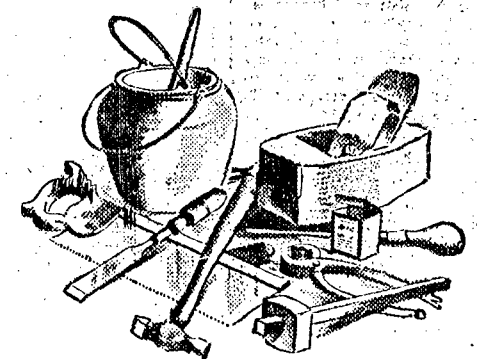
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Yorkshire Place Names. Filey, Skipton, Ripon, Settle, Selby, Redcar, Lythe, Kirkstall.

Word Building. MINIMUM Beheading. Spear, pear, ear.



a pair of prize rabbits... or a kit of tools?



It's amazing how quickly pennies turn into shillings and shillings into pounds, when you buy National Savings Stamps regularly. Saving up is really exciting when you know that soon you will have enough money of your own to get something you want dearly!

Wishes come true when you buy NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

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